

tier region, he spent much time hunting on Back Allegheny and along the Greenbrier River; that he was a close observer of the Indians and a cunning hunter in avoiding them. There was a certain place where the Indians were in the habit of crossing the river, using a long pole to leap over the stream and leaving it on the side where they were scouting. The Indians got wise to this interpretation and began to throw the pole back to the opposite side so as to deceive the wary white man.

This change of practice threw Moses Moore off his guard. So, one Saturday he set his traps, looked after the deer signs, and prepared his camp for a quiet and restful Sabbath spent in repose and devotional reading of the Bible. About daylight on Sunday he put a fat turkey to roast and was lying on a bear skin reading a lesson from the Scriptures, preparatory to meditation and prayer before breakfast, a practice characteristic of the Scotch-Irish of that period.

Presently he heard the breaking of a stick and looking intently in the direction of the sound, he saw five or six Indian warriors aiming their guns at him and moving cautiously toward him. Thus hemmed in without a chance to escape, he threw up his hands and signaled for them to come to him. He then put the turkey before them and made signs for them to eat. They refused until he ate some himself. Then they ate ravenously and the turkey soon disappeared with only the bones remaining.

After this breakfast they started for their home in Ohio. When they halted for any length of time, they would securely bind the prisoner with buffalo thongs and pinion him to the ground. Once they thus halted to secure and smelt ore, which they carried home with them. After a long journey through the wilderness they reached their Ohio wigwams at or near Chilli-cothe on the Scioto River.

The Indians were excited and elated over the capture. As a special compliment to their squaw wives and sweethearts, they decided, in a solemn council, that the captive should run the gauntlet lined with the females of the tribe. So two lines of squaws were drawn up about six or eight feet apart and armed with knives, cooking utensils, and clubs.

One captive who had preceded Moore was stabbed, bruised, and hacked to pieces. This example made clear to him that his chance to survive the ordeal was slender. It looked like death to him. However, after he had entered the line and passed a little way, a squaw struck him with a long-handled frying-pan. He succeeded in wrenching the pan from her and knocked her down with his fist. He then proceeded along the line and, striking